


# THE NEW REVIEW

2<sup>nd</sup> edition

1940-41



R. JAMES



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# Editorial Page

## FOREWORD.

Our second issue is now in preparation, and the Editor has once again said that I may have a little space in which to write a message to you all.

First I must say how pleased I was with the success of our first number which appeared on May 23rd. 1940, and how much we hope that each year's issue may be not only as good as, but even an improvement on, the last.

This year has seen great changes everywhere. To some it has brought the sad necessity of temporary exile from home. Some of these exiles, who are making their home in Victoria till the war-clouds pass, we have been glad to welcome at school. New friendships are being formed which will, we hope, endure and long outlast these days of strain and anxiety, and it may be that one day the memory of this unexpected sojourn will prove to be not the least happy among many happy memories.

As I foresaw, Old Girls have everywhere responded to the call for help in war-work, and are to be found working in many of the Service Organizations that are doing such valuable work. Once more affectionate greetings and good wishes to you all.

D. W. Atkins.

## Editorial.

The enthusiasm which greeted the first issue of the Norfolk House Review last year enabled our paper to get off to a flying start and to be established on a permanent basis.

During the term we have been working for the Red Cross, and we are pleased to say that seventeen Bombed Out Kits have been sent to the people in England, besides the work done on the Bundles for Britain.

Since the response to the competition announced was negligible, and since so many poems have been received, we are publishing as many as possible, and have decided to award prizes for the two best submitted. We wish to congratulate W. Worsley, the winner of the senior prize, and M. Sykes, winner of the junior.

We also wish to congratulate J. Willsher and R. James who won second and third prizes in the recent poster contest held in connection with the War Savings drive.

Again our thanks are due to Mr. Munday who generously mimeographed the pages of this issue, to the Staff for their helpful advice, and to Pam Mitchell and Miss E. Smallwood for typing the stencils.

A. O'Halloran.

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## Review's Staff, 1941.

A. O'Halloran (editor), P. Mitchell (typist), R. James and J. Munday (artists), D. Syson, S. Baker, M. Keeble, M. Westinghouse, J. Baird and Miss Moore (advisor).







## TITBITS FROM THE CLASSROOM.

Our titbit-hunter on the job.

Watt !! Is it possible that Frances wanted to know if she could write a "Biology of Alexander Popo" ?

Of course we won't mention that little incident among a certain set of sophisticated Juniors.

We think that a certain member of the Sixth should treat her classmates to free chicken dinners at least twice a week. She has all the facilities.

Who assaulted whom on the hockey field ?

One of the boarders was shown a pair of very well knitted woollen knickers for a small child. "Yes, they're awfully nice," said she, "but where's the neck ?"

Some system !!! Our unpredictable friend in the Upper Sixth, having been told to work sums one to ten inclusive, worked sums one and ten - exclusive !

Three guesses who this is: "HELP, the KETTLE !"

This one too: "Pass BEFORE you're tackled !"

If only the government of the world was left in the hands of certain members of the Sixth, how different the world would be ! Poor old world, you don't know what you're escaping, but if you did the shock might stimulate your sense of humour.

Who was chewing what, when and where ?

What giggling senior has taken to Greek dancing to acquire that statuesque figger ?

Which Junior's tangled hair gave rise to psychological experiments on the part of a certain mistress ?

DON'T ask C----- H----- how she likes graphs.

A member of the Lower Sixth who lives near the University school should be an excellent hostess, considering the way her Sunday afternoons are spent.

What Matric. mathematicians ..... aren't ?

Poor Shirley Harrison,  
What's happened to her garrison ?

Prince, the school dog, is a keen hockey fan, but he shows his excitement so noisily that he has to be forcibly removed from the hockey field.

What certain senior's elaborate coiffure vanished after that Christmas party ?

An Upper Sixth trio have been nicknamed "the Axis" - Reason ? They break every known law - of mathematics.

§ Some bright spark in the Fifth after puzzling over a Latin modifier of the word "aqua" meaning water, gently suggested that the writer might be trying to say "liquid water."

Is it true that certain seniors are suing this column for loss of dignity ?

Who address what and where ?

Remember the three little "f's"?





Scoop ! Experiences Contributed by  
Our English Friends.

From England to Canada.

I was standing at the rail of a big liner watching the dirty Mersey river water fighting its way along the hull of the ship. It was just before ten p.m. on July 24th, 1940, and the setting sun cast a red glow on the water and tinted the white barrage balloons which floated in the sky above me. Looking behind at the black city of Liverpool I saw no lights, because there were none. It was war time.

My mind was full of many conflicting thoughts; this was my last view of England, and somewhere hidden in the darkness were my home and parents. When would I see them again? My brother and I were going to Canada to stay with cousins we had never seen. What would they be like? It seemed impossible that we were really going to Canada, which was so many miles away. It appeared to me as I turned my back on war-ridden England to watch the sunset, that we were following the sun over the horizon into Canada, where it was probably shining at that moment. Suddenly a voice broke into my thoughts: "Everyone must have their life belts or go below."

Our crowded ship was luckily left alone by U-Boats and raiders, and we saw nothing but grey foam-flecked water stretching for miles in every direction, until one morning a glistening object appeared in the distance- an iceberg! I had always wanted to see an iceberg and looking at the huge, sun-tinted crystal blocks of ice made one feel a little cold.

On Monday the 29th we first saw land. It was not at all like England. Nothing but huge, rolling hills covered with a carpet of fir and pine trees which occasionally gave way to a small village with its little white church. At ten a.m. on the 31st we docked at Quebec, where French-Canadian dockhands with their caps back to front, unloaded mail. At four we cast off, soon passing under the famous Quebec bridge.

I was wakened suddenly the next morning by a loud blast from the funnel. We must be nearing Montreal! Springing out of bed I put on my sandals and hooded coat and rushed up on deck. I had a funny, aching feeling of excitement inside me. The deck was deserted except for one boy and a sailor. It was three in the morning and I shall never forget that scene. There were hundreds of lights hanging from masts-heads and cranes, shimmering on the oily water. The air was full of sounds; sounds that you never hear anywhere else but in a dock at night. The clanking and groaning of chains, the moaning of mysterious machinery, the creaking of masts and the distorted shouts of hundreds of night dockhands. We slowly slid along beside the quay and at last I saw a wide space where we were going to moor. The sailors rushed about and shouted to dockhands on the wharves, and then at exactly the right moment ropes were thrown across the diminishing gap between the ship and the wharf, deftly caught and made fast. We were moored to Canada !

R. Griffith.

My Journey from England.

We left the docks of Liverpool at 8.15 p.m. on August 16th. There was a thick fog the first day out, and we stayed in the lounges and our cabins most of the day. In the evening another girl from Czechoslovakia, her brother and I were at the stern of the ship at about eight o'clock, when I heard a loud boom! I told my friends about it but they had not heard it; then suddenly another bo-oom ! resounded. We came to the concluding that it was thunder, as it was raining hard at the time. In the morning, however, we heard that our ship had sunk a German submarine at about eight o'clock; we had heard the two depth charges that were fired. That day the fog only thickened but during the night there was a great gale, and only three people of our party of six went to the dining saloon for supper - the others stayed in bed.

(Cont'd on next page)







My Journey from England.  
(Continued)

On Tuesday, the 19th. of August, our convoy, one small destroyer, turned back towards England, and another ship, coming with us for some of the way, went off towards South Africa. When the destroyer left us, the fog lifted for a time and the sun shone. The sailors ran up the British flag and stood in a line on the deck. Then the fog fell again, and that was the last we saw of the destroyer and the South Africa-bound ship.

We landed in Montreal on Saturday the 24th. After having been through the formalities on board, we spent the night at the Windsor Hotel, and on Sunday I left on the train for Vancouver. I reached Vancouver at 8.30 on Thursday the 29th., and then Victoria, the lovely little city, at 2.50 p.m. the same day.

Iva Lisicka

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One of Southampton's First Air-raids.

At eleven-fifteen one night, just as I was dropping off to sleep, the sound of the sirens rang out through the still night. They were situated in a school and in a nearby church on the next road. We jumped out of bed and dressed as quickly as possible. All the time we were dressing, we could hear people's doors opening and shutting, and the sound of the air-raid warden's feet as he ran up and down the street blowing his whistle. We could also hear the people rushing to the shelters - those who had their own shelters went to them, and others took shelter under their stairs.

For a time silence reigned, then came the sound of approaching enemy planes. Flying very high they circled around Southampton several times, and then dripped their deadly cargo. The Germans aimed at the docks but they only succeeded in damaging the houses alongside and a nearby lumber yard.

Bombs were also dropped in other

areas but no great damage was done.

Even though the raid ended at 3.45 a.m., no all-clear sounded until four-thirty a.m. when enemy planes passed over Southampton on their homeward journey.

The next morning on the way to school which was eleven miles outside Southampton, we had to pass the docks where we saw scenes of the previous night's damage. Five houses were demolished with their household goods strewn around the road. The windows in several houses were shattered and the slates were off their roofs. In a cemetery close by tombstones were wrecked and trees uprooted; there were also huge craters in the ground just near an air-force station.

The people's morale was not harmed by Southampton's first air-raid, on the contrary, it was higher than usual; in fact, the night's happenings were scarcely discussed the next day.

Shirley Harrison.

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Prague.

Prague, the city of a hundred towers, is the capital of what was Czechoslovakia before it fell to the Nazis. Its beautiful high towers stand out against the sky. The lovely bridges spanning the Vltava river have statues on the railings; the towers of Castle Vysehrad, where the rulers of the Czech people lived, kings and barons, stand out on the hill.

A beautiful statue of St. Wenceslas, the patron saint of Czechoslovakia, governs the long, wide St. Wenceslas square. At the end of this square stands the National Museum, with artistic pillars holding up the porch. Another beautiful sight is the castle of Vysehrad, with its courts, buildings and sentry-boxes with jolly-looking men looking out of them. It has one curiosity more lively than the others: two big brown bears, with three cubs (at least that was the number when I saw them last, seven

(Cont'd on next page.)





Prague (Continued)

years ago) The cubs were sweet little things, and they would come right up to you and feed out of your hand.

The cathedral of St. Vitus is a lovely church, the most beautiful in Bohemia, I believe. The altars have been rebuilt many times when the cathedral was burnt or sacked by the Swedes.

Prague is a beautiful city, and these are only a few of its monuments and curiosities.

Iva Lisicka.

The Evacuation of Southampton as Told to me by an English Friend.

On August 31st. 1940, a notice was posted in the local newspapers to the effect that all school children wishing to be evacuated must report to their schools the following morning.

At school the children were practised in their various duties and were given identification tags. That same night it was announced over the wireless that the big towns were to be evacuated the next day.

On the morning of Sept. 2nd. the children reported to their schools and from there were taken in buses to trains with only their immediate belongings. Their destinations were the small English country towns where they hoped to find a haven from the ravages of war.

When the country towns were finally reached, the children were met and taken to billeting schools where they were given hot drinks and sandwiches.

After the youngsters had been warmed and fed they were assigned to their respective billets. At eleven p.m. all of the children had been accommodated.

It was decided that as the country schools were not large enough to hold the influx of young visitors, half the pupils would have their lessons in the morning and half in the afternoon.

The evacuees soon settled down in their new homes, and life was carried on much as usual with their generous new friends.

J. Pope.

(Continued on page 11)

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES.

Our Friday Sewing Social.

The purpose of these weekly gatherings at the Norfolk House School Boarding house is to send to London as many 20 pound bundles of clothes as possible to small children in urgent need of them.

Among the garments made are long-sleeved flannel night-gowns and pleated skirts of any warm material. Sweaters, socks and mittens are knitted, and contributions of cast-off clothing are cut up to make useful garments.

Mrs. Cheetham and Miss Goldfinch are there every week, and sometimes other of the mistresses, to superintend the cutting out.

These two hours, however, are not spent solely in making clothing to be sent overseas, for tongues are as busy as hands. Whether you feel like talking a lot or whether you prefer to devote all your attention to sewing, you will have a pleasant evening, because the conversation, even if you are not joining in, is usually interesting. All sorts of subjects arise: sports in general, books, music, ailments (whether you find the last thrilling or not is purely an individual matter), hobbies, schoolwork, pets, movies and dozens of other topics, so that all the girls sigh with regret when the two hours are up.

As a reward for such arduous labours (with needle or tongue) the busy bees are offered refreshment before leaving.

M. Keeble.

At present there is much excitement about the entertainment to be given on ~~April~~ May 2nd.. Several sylph-like figures have been seen prancing about in Greek togas, and we believe the lower fourth is planning a mime of "King Alfred and the cakes." Also the Sixths are to act a scene from Cranford, which, according to all reports, will be extremely entertaining. Altogether, this is a much looked forward to event and should be a great success.

M. Westinghouse.











CONTRIBUTIONS  
FROM OUR  
BUDDING  
POETS.



The Fall Fair.

Pennants are flying, and townsfolk  
are buying  
The wares at each bright-coloured  
stall,  
See-saws are bobbing, old cronies  
hobnobbing,  
At the Annual Fair in the Fall.

Horses are neighing and music is playing,  
While many a gay coloured shawl  
Is flung round the head of a gypsy in red,  
At the Annual Fair in the Fall.

If one wishes for height, then go up  
for a flight,  
But hold hard in a case of a squall,  
For you turn upside down, high over  
the town,  
At the Annual Fair in the Fall.  
W. Worsley.

Sunset.

When the sun goes down and the moon  
comes up,  
And the sea has a silver sheen,  
The lights at Bamberton twinkle afar  
And the sea birds cry less keen.

The twinkling stars look down to earth  
The sun has gone to rest,  
The lighthouse winks from the island  
shore,  
The earth with silence is blest.

The sea is calm, no breakers roar,  
The ship moves on her way,  
The man at the wheel looks o'er the  
                                scene,  
'Tis the end of another day.

N. Garrard.

## A Storm.

The moon comes over the stormy waves  
That roar with a deafening sound,  
They rush into the hollow caves  
And whirl the weeds around.

Above the waves the seagulls scream  
The waters wildly play;  
Out of the west come the watery beams  
Of a new approaching day.

The moon sinks into the stormy west  
And there is a blood-red glow  
That light up the waves to their  
foaming crest  
While the wild winds howl and blow.

The sun comes up; a glorious sight,  
The seagulls fly from the shore,  
And now is the end of that stormy night  
And all is calm once more.

B. Pope.

My Teddy Bear.

My bear is called Ted  
With ears on his head,  
He's made of old rags,  
And his head is a bag.

On a warm sunny day  
Outside together we play,  
On my wagon we ride  
And away together we glide.

At bed it's good night  
And off goes the light,  
Our prayers we say  
For the next long day.  
J. Ridewood.

Spring.

The wind is fresh, the sky is blue,  
The leaves are showing gay,  
The golden sun is showing through,  
I like the month of May.

M. Sykes.

Autumn.

The autumn winds are blowing shrill,  
The trees their branches bare,  
The curling smoke winds up the hill,  
The fox sneaks to his lair.

P. Fraser.







## SPORTS PAGE

Badminton.

House Badminton. There were some very close games in the inter-house badminton this year as is indicated by the results. Each house scored the same number of points and so each will gain a point towards the cock-house cup for games. Teams playing were as follows:-

Walsingham: M. Robertson.  
1st. team: N. Shaw & J. Baird.  
2nd. " S. Baker & J. Baird.

Caister:  
1st. team: P. Mitchell & J. Willsher.  
2nd. " D. Syson and I. Lisicka.

Wymondham:  
1st. team. M. Alexander and N. Garrard  
2nd. " B. Willsher & H. Bell Irving

Individual Badminton: The "A" division tournament was won by P. Mitchell from M. Alexander. B. Willsher won the "B" division cup from H. Bell Irving.

Basketball.

In spite of beginning to play late in the season, our first VI did well this year. The Hocking Cup tournament at Victoria High was the chief event. We tied fourth with St. Ann's Academy and tied the winning Oak Bay High team. The scores were:

N.H.S.	vs.	Vic. College.
10		2
N.H.S.	vs.	Vic. High.
4		6
N.H.S.	vs.	Esquimalt
6		6

N.H.S. vs. Normal School

N.H.S. vs. Oak Bay High  
4 4

N.H.S. vs. St. Ann's  
8 2

Those playing were: P. Mitchell, R. Griffith, S. Baker, J. Willsher, A. O'Halloran (captain), and I. Lisicka. Substitutes. B. Willsher, J. Bolton and N. Shaw.

Hockey.

Bridgman Cup, Saturday, Mar 31st.

The First Eleven was badly handicapped by losing two of its best players, F. Watt and P. Mitchell who were both injured in house matches. The games were played at Oak Bay High but there were only five teams competing this year. Although all the games were very close we had no victories.

First XI players this year were: F. Watt (captain), P. Mitchell, A. O'Halloran, R. Griffith, D. Syson, J. Willsher, S. Baker, M. Robertson, N. Garrard and J. Bolton. and O. Parris.

House Hockey. The hockey cup this year was won by Walsingham. Wymondham and Walsingham played the first game which resulted in an exciting draw. Caister beat Wymondham and then was defeated by Walsingham. 5 - 3.

Drill.

The senior drill cup was won by P. Mitchell and J. Mackenzie Grieve was second. N. Jardin and J. Wells tied for the junior cup.







(This story of fire walking is told by Rev. Bolton who lives in Tahiti.)

### Fire Walking.

I must tell you at once that I have never walked along that long, broad, terrifying trench of red hot stones: not from lack of courage to face danger but from lack of faith in the Tohunga or priest of the ceremony whose incantations seeming spell success to those who step down and tread from end to end. I have seen the thing and my white friends have had faith and passed safely through. It is a great mystery which none can solve. Great scientists have tried to discover the secret but have utterly failed. There are two islands in Polynesia where the cult centres, one close to Fiji and one close to Tahiti. I have watched the digging of the trench some sixty feet long and nine feet broad, the piling up of the huge logs, the fierce blazing, then the dying embers lying on those red hot stones. Now the fold gather together, and those who would walk therein. Soon comes the leader with his special followers who gravely, slowly tread the fiery path. Now he stands at one end of the trench to sanction those who would emulate him and his. But no, not to all.

"May I pass through?" says one.

"You may."

And bare-footed he steps down and also gravely, slowly walks along to the other end. Has he suffered pain or even discomfort? None at all. Look at his feet - they are not even red with the heat. He says his face and neck felt very warm, but from his

neck he was perfectly cool. Such is the reward of Faith. But woe to him who defying the refusal of the Leader dares to step into the sizzling path.

One I knew who dared and paid the price. It was here that it happened where for the satisfaction of tourists the ceremony had been arranged. The site was but a few yards from my home. This tourist had been to a certain island and wantonly dug up and carried off a skull from the old time sacred Marae or Alter of Opoa, now a huge ruin. This was known to the natives though he thought he had successfully evaded their watch. Natives think - and I think rightly so - that the dead should be left alone forever. That man standing by the trench was eager to test the mystery. Asking leave, the Tohunga sternly forbade him.

"Why not?" said he.

"You do not go," was the answer.

But: "I will despite you," and casting off his sandals he stepped down. With a cry of pain he would have fallen flat onto his death bed, but was snatched by natives standing on the brink of the pit, drawn up and out. He was a cripple for weeks ere a liner bore him away on crutches. He paid dearly for his theft and brazen flouting of the leader.

Contributed by J. Bolton.

### NOTICE - STAMPS.

Please bring stamps to the Fifth form. We collect any kind and send them to England where they are sold to raise money to buy cots for Children's Hospitals. It would save the Fifts much trouble if you would please soak any paper off the back of the stamps.

Thank you.

Coffe first came into human notice during the eighteenth century because the shrub caused intoxication among sheep.





## The Upper Sixth.

I blush to think,  
What you will think,  
But for rhymes I have no bent,  
So please be kind  
And take these words  
In the spirit they are meant.

J. Willsher.

Now Bobby's the good girl  
Whom teachers adore,  
She's fine in the class room  
But at games she can't score.

Now since I'm the poet,  
Of myself, I've a hunch  
That doubtless you'll call me  
"THE PICK OF THE BUNCH".

B. Willsher.

Iva is the brainy one,  
In Algebra she shines;  
Mary R. the silent one  
Her business always minds.  
Muggy's our Astronomer,  
Each star she knows by name;  
Janey has a green rain hat  
She clamps on in the rain;  
Susy's writing can't be worse  
Each page comes back all red,  
Peter is an aunt now  
Of a sweet wee thing 'tis said.  
Christine does a pirouette  
Each day of her young life;  
When Mary is called 'Iva'  
Her frown cuts like a knife.  
Now Jean's tout ensemble -  
A great joy to behold -  
Is much admired by everyone,  
At least, so I am told.  
Of this somewhat motley crew  
Our Teacher is the skipper,  
And never - oh, well, hardly ever -  
Must she use the slipper.

S. Baker.





(We are very pleased to be able to publish the winning essay on "Cranford", and to congratulate Aileen O'Halloran who was awarded the silver plate.)

Cranford.)

Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford", that placid classic of an early Victorian town, has come into its own again. In this harried day of taut nerves and last minute bulletins "Cranford" is a steadying link binding us to the sanity and certainty of the last century.

Mrs. Gaskell herself was a charming, talented woman, but at the same time a most domesticated wife and mother, devoted to her family and absorbed in pickling and preserving and in mending socks. Her first story, "Mary Barton", was written to divert her mind from the grief following the death of her only son. From this date to her death in 1865 she wrote almost continuously, producing in all some thirteen books, among them a biography of her friend Charlotte Bronte, but many of them in the Dickens tradition: written with a "purpose", deploring the ruthless press gangs and the pitiful conditions of the workers. However "Cranford", written in 1851 and thought by many to be her best book, is pure characterization.

"Cranford" is a quietly humorous aquatint of a small correct town ... Mrs. Gaskell gravely tells us of the eccentric little customs of Cranford, whimsically describing the tea parties, the formal calls and the atmosphere of "elegant economy" prevailing over all.

Cranford was as independent in dress as in other matters: consequently "the last gigot, the last tight and scanty petticoat in wear in England was seen in Cranford, and seen without a smile."

A note of pathos is struck in the tender tale of Miss Matty's faded romance and again in the story of Peter the gallant merry runaway; Peter who sent his mother the shawl she had

longed for since girlhood, the soft silken shawl which came the day after her death.

The soul of the whole narrative, indeed an actual portrayal of Mrs. Gaskell herself is perhaps found in the final phrase; "We all love Miss Matty, and I somehow think we are all of us better when she is near us."

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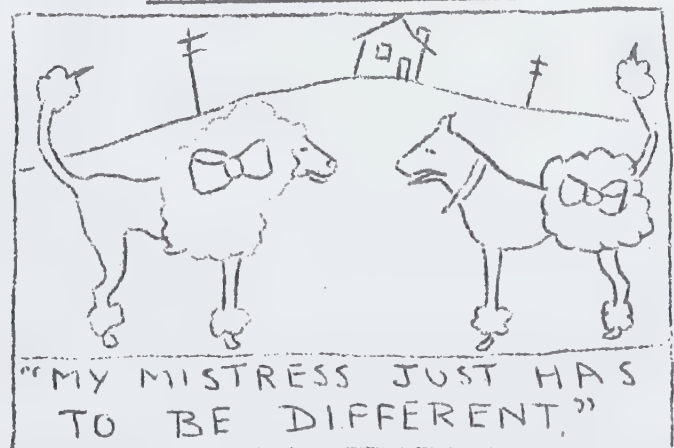
Experiences of Our Friends from Overseas. (Continued from p. 5)

My Aeroplane Flight.

I was very thrilled when I learnt that I was to fly from London to Prague. When I came to the aerodrome at Croydon I saw the plane and I thought that it was very small, but when I climbed in it looked much bigger. It was a lovely feeling, going up and up through the air. On our way, when we were over a cloud bank, my uncle, who knew the pilot, took me into the pilot's cabin, and the airman showed me how he worked the machine. He twisted the wheel and the 'plane swung from side to side and the people did not know what was happening. He also brought the 'plane into a cloud and you could not see above or below you.

We left Croydon at 12 o'clock sharp, and reached Prague at 3.55 p.m. We made over a thousand miles in three hours and 55 minutes, with a quarter of an hour stop at Rotterdam counted in that time.

Iva Lisicka.







# HUMOUR and PHILOSOPHY

Nothing relieves the tedium of a humour column like a good joke - hope you can find one !

. . . . .  
Mrs. Jackson: Do you think my Mary is really trying ?

Teacher: Yes, very.

. . . . .  
Q. What did the hat say to the coat hanger ? Ands. Goodbye now, I'm going on ahead.

. . . . .  
Teacher: What is the plural of hippopotamus ?

Jimmy: The plural of hippopotamus is hip -- pp - p ! Oh well, who wants more than one of those things, anyway ?

## Definition.

An optimist is a person who sees a light that isn't there, and a pessimist is the fool who tries to blow it out !

. . . . .  
A lady wearing an off-the-face hat she had just bought, asked her coloured cook how she liked it.

"It's a right pretty hat," the cook gave judgement. "But it suah do make yo' face public!"

. . . . .  
Puzzled Student: Why is the Father of Waters called Mrs. Sippi ?

. . . . .  
It was evening and the rising sun  
Was setting in the west,  
The little fishes in the trees  
Were cyddled in their nests.  
It was summer day in winter,  
And the rain was snowing frost,  
A barefoot boy with shoes on  
Stood sitting in the grass.

. . . . .  
The British navy sticks to run, but  
the Italian navy sticks to port.

There was an old man of Corblentz,  
The length of whose leg was immense,  
He went with one prance  
From Turkey to France,  
That surprising old man of Corblentz.

. . . . .  
When Winston Churchill, today the greatest British orator, first entered public life, he was a halting, faltering speaker. One day, as he was driving to a public meeting in Manchester, his companion, Lord Salisbury, turned to him and said, "Feeling nervous, Winston ?" England's future prime minister admitted that he was.

"My boy," said the veteran statesman, "don't be nervous. Whenever I get up to speak I always make a point of taking a good look around my audience. Then I say to myself: 'What a lot of silly fools!'" And then I always feel better."

. . . . .  
It's no use having a good aim on life if you don't pull the trigger.

. . . . .  
There was an old person of Basing,  
Whose presence of mind was amazing,  
He purchased a steed,  
Which he rode at full speed,  
And escaped from the people of Basing.

. . . . .  
Q. What flower gives good advice to a poor girl ? Ands. Marigold.

. . . . .  
Benny: I don't believe I will go to school today, Mother. I don't feel very well.

Mother: Where don't you feel well ?

Benny: At school.

. . . . .  
A minute on the curb saves a month in the hospital.





NEWS OF OLD GIRLS.

Welcome visitors at school during the past year have included:

Mrs. Bumpus (Barbara Twigg) from Sumatra.  
Mrs. Fellowes (Muriel Fardel) and Mrs. Bleakely (Ena Marshall) from Tokyo.  
Mrs. Proudlock (Wenonah Young) from England.

Barbara Wells from Montreal.  
Mrs. Stokes (Diana Hammond) from England.

Priscilla Wright and Peggy Angus are studying Art at the Victoria High School of Art.

Betty Burns is working in the Imperial Bank in Victoria.

Gladwyn Beasley and Cynthia Musgrave are working in Parliament Buildings.

Dorothy Campbell is working in the "Bundles for Britain" office in Victoria.

Betty Carr, Joan Douglas and Molly Horsfield took the University Entrance exams in June. Betty was awarded the Women's Canadian Club Bursary, and has taken the First Year College exams with Second Class Honours.

Audry Eberts is studying Dramatics at McGill University.

Joan Fellowes is nursing in the Canadian convalescent hospital in England.

Ursula Forbes has finished her first year at Margaret Eaton College, Toronto.

Helen Forves has finished the second year of her course in Physio-therapy at the University of Toronto.

Molly Horsfield has passed her first year exam. at Victoria College.

Ruth Horton has been President of the International Relations Club at Pine Manor College.

Rachel Jukes was awarded a Trustee Scholarship at Mills College last year. Rachel has been elected Secretary of Warren Olney Hall.

Kythe Mackenzie has been visiting Mrs. John Child (Cynthia Johnston) in Winnipeg.

Betty McMurray is working in the

Bank of Montreal in Victoria.

Jean Mayhew has just completed the second year of the Home Economics Course at Toronto University.

Diana Macdowall, Margaret Izard, Terese Todd and Elizabeth Martin are doing V. A. D. work at the Jubilee Hospital.

Buntie Sloan is working in a Law Office in Victoria.

Mary Worsley is a nurse-in-training at the Jubilee Hospital.

Prudence Yerburch is a nurse-in-training at the Royal Infirmary, Bristol.

Caro Wyllie, Ann Ridewood, Gwen Wright and Joan Douglas have been taking a Business Course.

Marriages.

Barbara Garrard to John Jukes.  
Doreen Phethean to David Carmichael.  
Betty Slater to Lt. Com. Parsons, R.N.V.R.  
Gwen Scoby to Louis Williams.  
Peggy Garrard to Jack Wells.  
Peggy Frank to Charles Peterson.  
Betty Chadwick to Lt. Wm. Chamberlain, RCN  
Jo Delves to John Bell.  
Esme Ketchen to Lt. Charles McNeill.  
Joan Sutherland to David Rice.  
Doris Marshall to Keith Jones.  
Miss Featherston to Arthur Bindloss.

Births.

To Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hansen (Miss Kirk), a son.  
To Mr. and Mrs. Eric Metcalfe (Lillian ryan), a son.  
Lieut. and Mrs. John Mitchell (Angela Davis), a daughter.  
Capt. and Mrs. Woulfe Hicks, (Rosemary Johnston), a son.  
Lieut. and Mrs. E. Stokes, (Diana Hammond)  
Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Dumain (Peggy Edwards), a son.  
Mr. and Mrs. Vivian Graham (Daphne Morris), a daughter.





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